

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Not fancy, merely, or the rush
Of feeling, guides the pen or brush,
As tint by tint, and line by line,
The verses grow, the colors shine!
We find with these the crowning art,
Whose magic can alone impart
To genius all its highest gains—
The faculty of taking pains.

Lo, for the joy of years to be,
Destined for immortality.
We hail the statue's marble grace,
The loveliness of form and face.
Nor dream what hours the sculptor wrought
With tireless hand and anxious thought,
Till from the stone, with stroke on stroke,
The unveiled beauty stirred and woke!

The rapt musician, whose sweet strain
Bids vanquished sorrow smile again,
Throw his whole soul, the while he wrote,
Into each heaven-aspiring note.
Pausing a thousand times before
His judgment passed the perfect score;
For, holding meager work in scorn,
He toiled for ages yet unborn!

They learn the secret of success,
Who seek to cope it with nothing less—
Perfection, with no aim beside,
And, missing this, dissatisfied!
And they alone, in life's brief day
To fame and honor win their way
Who first achieve, for such high gains,
The strenuous art of taking pains.
—J. R. Eastwood, in Quiver.

A VACATION MORNING.

Aunt Hetty and the College Girl
Just Home from School.

Out under the rose-arbor in the pleasant front yard of the parsonage, Betty Dexter, the minister's only daughter, and her roommate at college, pretty Rose Houston, in their fresh summer gowns are chatting merrily with Mamma Dexter while they relieve a great dish of strawberries of their stems.

Betty, a college senior now, was scarcely a beauty, though her handsome, smiling brown eyes made one forget any little irregularity of feature. And though everyone in college, at least in the upper classes, knew that she was only a minister's daughter, and though any girl with half an eye could trace the transmigration progress in her hats and dress, and knew that she could never give a really handsome spread, yet no girl within the college gates was so popular as Betty Dexter. No girl had so many invitations for vacation, so many engagements to walk, drive, row and go into the city; but nearly all of her vacations were spent at home with the ever-busy mother and the delicate father, who made many self-denials in order to meet the slender college bills. With her this summer, by special request of the mother, had come her room-mate, little Rose Houston, the orphan heiress from New Orleans, who loved Betty better than she loved anyone else in the wide world.

"Ours is a tiny dot of a home," said Betty, "and mother and I do most of the work together; but you will have a royal welcome, dear." And Rose, being a genuine, though a very desultory sort of girl, by reason of her long years of orphanage and years of traveling about with a maid and her guar-

dian, had been more than glad to come.

On the little table in the rose arbor, besides Mrs. Dexter's working basket, was a volume of "The Vision of Sir Launfal," which the ladies had been reading in turn.

"There is such a musical swing to those last verses," said Rose, "that one is forced to remember them:

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—

Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

"But really," said Betty, "it is only the purest selfishness to be kind and generous to others, for the reward is so sweet."

"And here comes over the hill a reward for two busy young housekeepers, I suspect," said Mrs. Dexter, as the sound of a tally-horn from the coach of a neighboring mountain resort was heard rolling in peculiar cadence among the echoes. "It is a charming day for a coaching party."

A nearer sound, however, attracted their attention before the coach could reach the gate—a sound of the querulous, high, cracked voice of an old woman in gown and bonnet that may have been bravely fashionable fifty years ago.

"So glad to find you at home, Betty, and your ma, too. Walked all the way from Chatham Mills on purpose to see ye and hear all about the college. I hain't seen ye in a long time, and I have been longing for a sight of your sweet face."

They gave her cordial greeting, this old Aunt Hetty from Blake's Corners, and Betty kissed, with genuine affection, the withered face, once outwardly beautiful and now shining with inward goodness, which action Rose noticed with a bit of jealousy; for Rose expected her friends to be very loyal to her, and loyalty, from her standpoint, meant caring much for her and little for others. It was a part of her education and perhaps no one could blame her. Indeed, one reason why she had so gladly accepted the invitation to the parsonage had been that she wished to have Rose all to herself. At college some one was always seeking her; but here she thought it would be otherwise. Yesterday, however, there had been a Sunday-school class to entertain, and here was the old lady. The coaching party would take them both away, no doubt, and certainly at Mrs. Dexter's age, she, and not the daughter, would be the proper one to entertain Aunt Hetty. So Rose settled the affair in her own mind.

It was a gay company on the great coach, with a little grig of a bugler and twenty young people on top, while the chaperons were snugly bestowed inside. If you doubt whether so many could find space on a mountain tally-ho, just present the problem and the coach to a party of that size, on a fine summer morning, and they will speedily prove the truth of my statement.

Two smiling young men, in summer flannels, and cheeks reddened by the brisk drive, were on the ground before the coach had time to stop, and were making their salutations to the ladies and their request to Mrs. Dexter.

for a day's outing; party well chaperoned, horses and driver absolutely reliable. Could the young ladies join them? And a chorus of girlish voices added their entreaties, while the boy-bugler blew a delicately suggestive little songlet out into the air by way of flattering invitation.

Aunt Hetty's old eyes filled with tears of disappointment, but she bravely winked them back before anyone could see them—so she thought.

"Got up at five o'clock, did all the work, tramped over to Zene Lucas' to catch a ride on his milk-cart, and then walked three miles more from the mills in the hot sun, and all for nothing," she was thinking. "But, dear me! I was a pretty girl once myself, and had my good times, too." So it chanced that what she said, in all sincerity and earnestness, was almost convincing. "Do go right along, Betty. I shall be over again in a few days, mebbe, and this will give me a nice chance to visit with your ma." And by avoiding Betty's eye the old lady considered that she had made a very neat thing of her hard task.

Rose turned eagerly to Mrs. Dexter and waited; but Betty took the old, withered hands that were nervously clasping and unclasping in excitement, and without a shadow of regret on lips or in her heart, said:

"I am so much obliged to you, Tom, but I have other pleasures on hand for to-day. But Miss Houston will go, I think. You have never seen Eagle Cliff, dear," she continued, turning to her friend, "and it is glorious up there in the darkness of the pines."

But the sunny face of the heiress was clouded with disappointment; and to hide that look from Aunt Hetty's sharp eyes, Betty drew her friend quietly away to the house to prepare for the drive.

"Tain't no matter about me at all," said Aunt Hetty. "Betty won't stay at home on my account, will she?" asked the wavering old voice.

"She said that she had some pleasant plans for to-day," answered the mother, with a loving glance down the walk where her daughter was waving her hand to the departing coachers.

You may think the girl was practicing self-denial; but her mother detected no trace of regret or disappointment in the dear face, and Aunt Hetty had one of the happiest days in her whole life—a day remembered with deepest gratitude to the last of her soon-closing life.

Looking over photographs is a commonplace amusement to most of us; but when one's eyes have seen just about the same sights year after year, for over fifty years, until the world seems made up of little brown farm-houses and barns and sheds, and the church and store once a week, then a glimpse of handsome buildings, broad lawns diversified with picturesque cottages and groups of pretty girls scattered about under the trees, of art treasures gleaming in marble whiteness, of smooth waters covered with dancing boats rowed by girlish oarsmen, of stately parlors decorated and furnished in the last good taste—